THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

E. P. WORCESTER & CO., Publishers

COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

"THOUGHT AND SORROW."

Twin sisters I deem ye,
Pale Thought and deep Sorrow;
Each her lineaments seem ye
From the other to borrow.

The same grave expression
Ye depict on man's face,
And like plaintive depression
On his features ye trace.

On woman's pale brow ye
Both carve the same lines,
On man's forehead plow ye
Like care-wrinkled signs.

With the same sad still light
Each eye do ye kindle;
Ye make it more bright
Or its fieriness dwindle.

In the same deep-drawn way
Sigh alike Thought and Sorrow—
He who thinks deep to-day,
He who bodes ill to-morrow.

The lip's curve sedate
Ye trim in like fashion,
To mark thoughts that are great
Or Grief's mournful passion.

To each other ye lend,
In men younger or older,
The same earth-ward bend
Of head and of shoulder.

Men's slow heavy gait
In like manner ye share;
Ye both crawl at the rate
Of men burdened with care.

Words in common, as "pensive,"
Ye partake, Thought and Sorro;
Each, her terms apprehensive
From the other ye borrow.

If diff'rence between ye
Perchance there might be,
'Tis the difference mainly
That is "of degree."

If pale Thought wear an air
Of somber ungladness,
Sorrow hath, as her share,
More positive sadness.

Or urge we more just
Thought doth doing imply
While Sorrow's part must
In mute suffering lie?

Yet are suffering and doing
In true issue the same;
Each is test of man's going,
Each his vigor may tame.

If the rapt air of Thought
We call fitly "abstraction,"
While Sorrow's onslaught
We say ends in "distraction."

Both terms but declare,
By coequal concession,
Thought and Sorrow both share
Alike lost self-possession.

By your kinship, what mean ye,
Pale Thought and lean Sorrow—
That your features are seen, ye
Share likeness so thorough?

Does it mean that deep Thought
Is by Sorrow attended,
And that Sorrow is taught
By deep Thought to be friended?

Does it mean that while life
Needs must grief find or borrow,
Men's Thought is aye rife
With objects of Sorrow?

Twin sisters I deem ye,
Pale Thought and lean Sorrow;
Each her lineaments seem ye
From the other to borrow.

—*John Owen, in the Athenæum.*

POLLY'S ALLOWANCE.

The Trouble and the Good It Brought Her.

The ladies of St. Philip's sewing circle always spoke of Mrs. Fuller's six daughters as if they were an extravagance in which she had wilfully indulged, and by good management could have avoided. "If they had only been boys, now!" Mrs. Archdeaconess (as Polly Fuller called her behind her august back) Nevins would say. "But six good-for-nothing, useless girls!" Perhaps the reason Mrs. Nevins objected so strenuously to Mrs. Fuller's preference for the female sex was that *she* had had boys; that is, she had had *one* boy, college-bred, European-toured, with a fortune in his own right, to say nothing of his prospective heirship through Jeremiah Nevins, Sen., the richest vestry-man in St. Philip's Church. And this adored, petted and only boy was very fond of the Fuller girls, and so attentive to Polly, the prettiest of the lot, that Bloomingdale was agog with excitement on the subject. So she would repeat: "If they had only been boys—stalwart, hard-working boys! But six girls!"

Now it was hard to believe—for the archdeaconess was tall, grizzled, bony and she might have left Jericho at any hour, "for her beard was fully grown"—that she too must at one time have been a girl, as Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman; but this fact did not soften her toward her sex. If Jerry—But we are anticipating.

There certainly were six Fullers—Margaret, Jen, Julie, Polly, Lilian, Rosie. They lived in a little cramped-up rectory that belonged to St. Philip's, a poor little church on the outskirts of Bloomingdale. Their papa was a dear, wrong-headed, clever, impractical clergyman. Their mamma was only a shade better, as she proved by having six girls instead of boys. Her light bread was apt to refuse to rise, and her preserves had a way of working after the second week.

If the archdeaconess could have broken off the engagement between Rev. Alphonso Fuller and Susan his wife, which had existed for twenty-seven years, and sent the six offending maidens back to chaos or to paradise, and married them both to more suitable and more practical people, I suppose it would have been better. Providence is a poor manager, compared to Mrs. Jeremiah Nevins; but she couldn't. So St. Philip's had to put up with a thousand dollar a year rector, his shiftless wife, and his half a dozen daughters.

The Fullers were generally absurdly, provokingly happy. As long as one has no "objects of bigotry and virtue," it makes little difference if the cat does jump on the parlor table. If the carpet is worn to rags, the tears of the maid-of-all-work may be dried with the reflection that a cinder or two dropped from the ash pan will do little damage.

But about six months previous it was borne on the minds of these six females that if they had an allowance they would all present much better appearances, and spend less money in doing it. And when the six Fuller girls made up their minds, there was an end of it. They interviewed their mamma, they bullied their papa, they built such splendid air castles of what they would do if they only could be allowed to judge for themselves, that the long-suffering martyr consented, and promised to let them have their way. Now a promise in the Fuller family was as good as a bond—better, for I have heard many a man besides St. Paul declare himself happy, especially after a panic in the street, except these bonds.

But the difficulty about the allowance was this: The day these girls got their money they felt so enormously rich that they could not contain themselves and it. They forgot it must last six months, and represented boots, gloves, gowns, bonnets—a thousand necessaries. They forgot the waste the lack of a parasol makes in the life of the American girl; they only saw the beautiful $——(no, I will not hold them up to ridicule), and they longed to spend it, and it burned in their pockets, till, alas! sometimes they lived like prodigals for three weeks, and starved and were almost naked the rest of the twenty-six.

On this particular morning the whole family were assembled in the sitting-room. It was a June day, a dewy, rosy, dimpled day, and "all the trees on all the hills had opened their thousand leaves;" the air itself was as fresh and sweet as the first day that ever broke in paradise. Even the orphan-school children had come out the Sunday before in little pink-sprigged calicoes. All the Fullers but one had gone to church also in their neat spring suits, looking so stylish and jaunty, so sweet and violet-eyed, that the archdeaconess failed in her responses, and scanned each figure as it went up the aisle with a glance that Julie declared amounted to an indictment for larceny.

Yes, all the Fullers but one. One wretched, forlorn, spendthrift of a Fuller staid at home. She had neither spring gown, nor spring hat, nor boots, nor parasol; she had spent her allowance long ago on concert tickets, and candy, and a set of silver jewelry.

So she spent the day in a disreputable gingham, and a hat that deserves a chapter to itself, swinging in the big apple-tree, and wishing she had her money back. And this unfortunate was named Polly, and she was nineteen years old—old enough and pretty enough to know better.

"If we had only known how much of a hole you were in, Polly," said Jen, "We'd have clubbed in and helped you buy your spring things."

"No, my dears," said papa, from what was by courtesy called "the study," though in reality it was the china closet and canned fruit room (the Fullers ate a good deal of canned things; their preserves weren't generally successful). "It is not so recorded in the bond. You know you bargained each to make the most of her allowance, and bear the consequences of her good or evil judgment. If Polly has spent her money she must do without."

Alas! each remembered; it *was* so written in the bond.

"What have you got toward spring things, Polly dear?" asked mamma, looking up from Herbert Spencer's *Sociology* in a dazed way, and endeavoring to set her cap at right angles, which, if the truth be told, was not quite as straight as a plumb-line.

"I have my black satteen, mamma (to be sure, the front is stained with lemonade, but I don't care), and my boots are pretty good, and I have one long, nice, cream-colored *gant de Suede* that luckily is for my right hand, and my turquoise ring is on my left, so it doesn't matter about the other's being lost, and my white muslin and my white mull (to be sure, it has shrunken up to my knees, but I can let it down)," she said, eagerly; then, seeing amusement in her sisters' eyes, she burst into tears and rushed out, calling in a loud voice: "I do not care if I never have another rag to my back so long as I live. I am going to bed, and will stay there till I die for want of exercise, and then you will all be sorry, and not laugh at me and taunt me because I am not mean, miserable, niggardly things like yourselves."

"Come back, Polly love," cried all the five unoffending sisters, deeply grieved, but not at all hurt at Polly's outburst. "Tell us about your hats, and how much money have you?"

"I have no hat but this," said Polly, sobbing bitterly; "and fifteen dollars."

Tears of sympathy stood in mamma's eyes; *Sociology* slipped off her lap and fell to the ground. Papa tapped his finger reflectively on the pane. For the first time he half wished he had not given the bishop so positive a reply about the doctrine of original sin. One might be mistaken, and—this was Polly's hat.

As I remarked, it was her only one, and deserved a chapter of itself. It was a little round bonnet, originally of white straw, which was now sunburned to a dirty yellow, a faded red rose adorned one side; the crown was mashed in; a limp, draggled feather stood up in front. Nothing could have been more hopeless, more disreputable.

"Poor dear!"

But Polly had flown; the subject was too tender to be discussed.

Just then the bell rang. "A note for Miss Polly; from Mr. Jerry Nevins, I s'pose," said the little maid-of-all-work, sympathetically.

She was a very black-fisted Mercury, but never did Cupid select a more interested one; and the note was seized by Jen, and eagerly welcomed by the whole family as a diversion for the unhappy damsel.

"Let's find her."

Strange to say, the chorus did not seek Polly in her little white-curtained chamber, where she vowed she would spend the rest of her hapless existence; they made straight for the apple-tree, and there, perched on one of the highest boughs, was the penniless Polly, singing in her high clear voice: "I sent thee late a rosy wreath."

"Here, Poll—here's a note from Jerry Nevins," cried the chorus, delightedly. "Get down and read it."

Miss Fuller slipped at once from her leafy throne, and read aloud the following missive:

"MY DEAR MISS POLLY—I am going in my drag, with Miss Miverton and Sam Rennolys, to the polo match to-day at four o'clock. Won't you let us call for you? I want you to drive. Please say yes. Yours always,
J. M. NEVINS, Jun."

An ominous silence fell for the space of one moment. It was broken by the voice of our heroine. "I am going," said Polly.

"But your clothes, Polly," cried the chorus.

"I don't care one bit about my clothes," said she, defiantly. "I'll take your parasol, Margaret, and I'll get you to smooth my muslin, Jen, and I've got one glove, and I'm going."

"But your hat, dear," said Julie. "I'd gladly lend you mine, but it belongs to my suit, and is all gray, and you'd look like a guy in it."

"Never mind," said Polly, dismissing the whole crew with a wave of the hand; "*I will get me a hat.* Give yourselves no concern." With these words she rushed into the house, and in a few minutes had disappeared down the long, irregular street.

Half an hour later a tall young lady in a disreputable bonnet and a gingham dress made her *entree* into a fashionable millinery. All the shop-girls, and that superior person who presided over the establishment, knew her by sight as one of the rector of St. Philip's six daughters—the prettiest one. More valuable customers were being served, so she received no special attention. But presently the head of the establishment herself heard those unmistakable tones of command that, though they came from this insignificant customer, brought her down on her marrow-bones, so to speak, and half a dozen obedient attendants to her side. "Here," she cried, with her mouth full of pins; "show Mrs. Van Dyke these bonnets; I myself will wait on Miss Fuller."

"I wish a bonnet that is becoming to me," said the young lady, calmly.

"Ah! mademoiselle, this is a French hat," Madame exclaimed, "a love, a beauty, exactly your style, made expressly for you—bought for you," she cried, growing bolder, and encouraged by Polly's pleased gaze at herself in the mirror.

"What is the price?"

"Only fifteen dollars," said Madame—"to *you*, Miss Fuller, the daughter of a clergyman, and a customer" (Margaret had bought a pair of ribbon strings there a year ago). "Fifteen dollars only."

"I will take it with me," said Polly, laying her moist, hot money on the counter; for she had carried it in her hand—her gloveless hand—all the way from the rectory.

Madame smilingly did up the parcel. She had just offered the hat to Mrs. Van Dyke for ten dollars, and it was worth six—a bit of lace, an embroidered crown and a pink rose at the side; that was all. But one must take money where one finds it. Polly's fifteen dollars were as good as cross Mrs. Van Dyke's ten—better by five.

Our young lady got home about half-past three o'clock. Every body had gone out but Jen, who, exhausted with smoothing the muslin, was fast asleep. She rushed into her tiny bedroom and began her preparations. Notwithstanding all speed, Jerry was at the door with his drag and his guests ere Miss Polly's muslin was donned.

With all her faults, Polly had little personal vanity. She seldom looked in the glass. One reason was that the mirror was cracked exactly through the middle; another, that her sisters' criticisms held up to candid view all faults and defects. She never thought of her face or head. She threw on her dress, pitched a bonnet on the back of her curly brown hair, flew down the steps, and was assisted into the drag by two grooms and a smiling host.

Miss Miverton leaned back in a perfectly fitting driving costume, and gave her the friendliest of smiles—a little condescending, indeed, and was it slightly amused? That was not possible. To be sure, one dimpled hand was bare, but she had no right to suspect that the other glove would not soon be used to cover it. White was always en regle and becoming, and she had on her fifteen-dollar bonnet. So Polly bowed and smiled back again, and was altogether so sweet and lovely and like a June rose that Mr. Jerry Nevins had hard work to keep from declaring himself on the spot.

The Kennels, at which the polo game was played, was a very fashionable place. Every body was out that afternoon. Polly was so happy—happy with that consolation religion itself does not always give of being appropriately and becomingly dressed. To be sure, all her income was swallowed up; she was a wrecked, penniless, forlorn creature on the morrow, but this was to-day. "Let to-morrow take care of the things of itself," quoted Polly, piously. "Every one is so kind," she whispered to Jerry, confidingly. "See, they are all bowing and smiling."

"How pretty Polly Fuller is!" she heard somebody say as she passed. "Poor little thing! Did you ever see—" The rest was lost. Polly drew herself up rather indignantly. "They are commenting on my bonnet, and wondering where I got it—impertinent things!"

Then she looked up and saw Jerry's eye fixed on it, and there was the greatest tenderness in his glance, as if he were sorry for her, and yet loved her.

"He thinks, I suppose," said Polly to her *alter ego*, "that this is the first time I ever had any thing nice, and he is sorry for me." And then she half wished she had not worn it.

"Are you very fond of dress?" she inquired, presently.

"Yes, very; that is, I like a woman properly and handsomely dressed, as I want my wife to be" (here Polly's hand—her ungloved hand—got the least possible little squeeze); "but what I care for most is a sweet, lovely, brave spirit which rises above criticism, and is true enough and well-bred enough to look beautiful and be happy in spite of the garb."

"But, indeed," said the guilty Polly, "sometimes it is so hard to be that; sometimes one wants things, so one yields to the temptation. You must not be too hard on people if they do not dress according to your ideas," she added, with tears in her big brown eyes.

"I hard on you?" cried Jerry—it was in the moonlight, and they were driving down a lane of flaming chestnuts—"*I* hard? I just love and admire you for it. I think you are the prettiest, sweetest thing in the world; I long to deck you with jewels and fine raiment, just to pay you back for all your bravery. Oh, Polly, I love you! There!"

Miss Miverton and Mr. Rennolys occupied back seats; they both looked engrossed in each other. What Polly said I don't know—something that was satisfactory to the driver. Then she looked up conscience-stricken.

"Oh, Jerry!" she cried, "it isn't I you love; it's my bonnet, and you have no idea what I sacrificed to get it. I spent all my allowance. I was the most extravagant creature; I got angry with all my sisters, even mamma and papa. Now you have loved me and told me so just because of it, I will take it off," she cried, in a passion. "I will never wear it again." She seized the structure with both hands—it fell into her lap.

Oh, careless, absent-minded Polly! Where were your senses! Stupidly she gazed one moment at the dreadful object. It was her wretched, dilapidated, ragged, withered, limp, disreputable *old hat*, and her beautiful one of lace and roses was lying in the bandbox on her own bed.

The archdeaconess did'nt like the match at all, of course, but she was heard to congratulate herself that Jerry's wife was an economical little thing, and wouldn't throw away his money.

"You remember that horrid little straw bonnet she wore to the polo match, don't you, Sue?" she asked of Miss Miverton, who was Miss Miverton still.

Miss Miverton remembered.

"One thing I will never do, Jerry," said Polly to her husband during the honeymoon.

"What?" he asked, with insatiate curiosity of a weak-minded bridegroom.

"I will never have an allowance again." And she never did.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

What a Dakota Editor Has to Say About a Dictionary Revision.

A new edition of Webster's dictionary is soon to be issued under the editorship of President Porter, of Yale. It will doubtless be found so difficult to reconcile the spelling with the many approved forms in use in this free country that the professor might as well not try that, but we want to say a word to him about the pictures. Some of them need reforming. They should at least be rounded up and some of the corners cut off and fixed around a little generally, while a few of them should be fired.

The picture of the whisk-broom comet with a hole in it must go. It don't help on the grand cause of astronomy to any very great extent. While in the astronomy business you might as well put a little more neck on the moon-fish. You will find it hard work to convince the rising generation that this fish butted his head against the stern of a boat and drove it down into his shoulders till his dorsal fin grows out of his eyebrow.

It would also probably be better to set the legs about six inches farther front on the flamingo. The latest flamingo fashion plates show that they are wearing their legs well up in the vicinity of the neck-tie. It might be well to put a litttle less villainous expression on the dodo. The dodo is dead, and there is no use of trying to run on him and make sport of him any longer, even if it was considered the correct thing in Webster's time.

The pelican also needs revising. He is too poor, and we would suggest that you take him in hand personally and stall-feed him for a few weeks. Cod-fish newly extracted from the briny deep will do the business—don't expect to see him pick up on a diet of railroad spikes and cord-wood like an ostrich.

The way Webster laid out the cow isn't altogether in accordance with modern usage. He only has one place marked sirloin, whereas sirloin steak can be cut from any part of the animal.

The ridge-pole on the Bactrian camel ought to be straightened out a little. While you are fixing him over you might as well put a better looking countenance on him.

You had better bounce the present picture of the orang-outang and get him to sit again. The rhinoceros should also go unless you can secure a portrait which does not look quite so villainous. The one now in the book is not fit to associate with the other animals. Try and get a little more pleasant expression on the gorilla. Have him hold his chin a little higher and try and look natural. As he is at present he is one of the worst looking scoundrels in the book. Have the hippopotamus open his mouth; while the hippopotamus on every circus-poster in the country stands with his mouth open displaying four rows of teeth the one in Webster has the entrance to his provision depot hermetically sealed and one ear sawed off.

The snakes need considerable overhauling. Take the knife-plaiting off the back of the hooded basilisk—it is not fashionable. Untie the knot in the boa-constrictor and remove the string of brass baggage checks from the tail of the rattlesnake. Take the stand-up collar off the frilled lizard and put a basque on him. Let reform be the watchword in the great work you have undertaken.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

—A countryman was standing on one of the wharfs the other day watching the process of hoisting an anchor of a ship which was getting under weigh, and, as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo, heave, oh!" of the sailors, he remarked: "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that great crooked thing through that little hole; I know better."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Diamonds in plenty, a geologist who has studied the subject says, will yet be found in Georgia, in a belt that he locates between Atlanta and the Savannah river, a distance of about one hundred miles by from ten to thirty in breadth.

FASHIONS IN FURNISHINGS.

Some Novel Upholstering Materials and Decorative Fancies.

To furnish a house artistically requires a vast amount of care and judgment at the present day, for notwithstanding there has never been as large and varied an assortment of materials shown, yet the very fact of the great variety is bewildering and unless care be taken the undertaking proves a failure. In selecting upholstering goods the possibilities of rugs or carpets, paint and paper must be considered and either colors that will contrast well or else accord with these selected. Heavy Oriental fabrics richly worked with gold thread and brilliant colors are effective for individual pieces of furniture, but are too heavy-looking for an entire suite. With these can be introduced chairs and low-down couches covered with solid-colored silk plush. A pretty combination is shown in a low, broad sofa with upholstered back, but no sides, covered in wine color and gold, a rich, striped material, with the stripes running from back to front. Two very odd-looking corner chairs, with gilt frames, have their seats covered with wine-colored plush; another chair, with ebony frame, has a covering of gold color, while another is upholstered with a rich raw silk material, having palm leaves of all colors upon a golden ground.

Raw silk fabrics, unless of very superior quality, are not durable; the colors easily fade and cause the whole to look defaced after very little wear. Silk plush makes a handsome covering, whether plain or brocaded; the latter is the most serviceable, as the pile does not become as easily flattened down. Most gorgeous are the silk damasks, brocaded with velvet in contrasting colors. For real hard wear and service nothing can be chosen to last as well as wool plush. The pile does not flatten and when selected of a dark maroon or garnet shade will contrast well with almost any surroundings.

House linen forms in this age of changes a very important item of furnishing. Sheets are finished with a deep hem, with open stitch, the monogram or initials being placed below the hem in the center of the sheet. They are edged with Torchon lace or embroidered trimming, the bolster and night pillow-cases being made and trimmed to correspond. All house linen should be embroidered with the initials of both husband and wife. Colored blankets, in pale blue, rose, cherry or scarlet, are used according to the color of the room in which they are placed. They have delicate flower borders in white and are marked to correspond with the linen with silks of the same shades. The fashionable manner of dressing a bed for day-time is not to have any thing white seen. The spread is either made of satin contrasting with the furnishing and elegantly embroidered, or else of furniture covering or cretonne. This entirely covers over the bolster and pillows—a fashion not generally attractive, for certainly nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than delicate white lace and embroidered draperies.

Colored embroidery is not now used upon table linen, with the exception of five o'clock tea clothes, which are still decorated with colored embroidery, lace and fancy stitches and drawn work. For general wear the finest damask is used, with the monogram of the owners embroidered upon the cloths and napkins. A revival of the old custom is to have the dessert placed on the table after the white cloth has been removed. The dessert table-cloth is now of embossed velvet or plush. Each plate, however, is placed on a little white doyly, like for afternoon tea. Unlike the introduction of the Russian service at table, dessert used always to be laid on the table after the white cloth was removed. Then came the fashion of decorating the dinner-table with fruit and flowers and dessert was handed around without removing the white damask. We are now returning to the old fashion of removing the cloth and substituting it by another. Will this revival meet with general favor? That can not yet be decided.—*Philadelphia Times.*

BUDDHIST MORALS.

How the Believers in Buddhism Aim to Acquire Merit.

The leading principle of Buddhism is to acquire merit. There are a good many ways of doing it, some of which are good and others not quite so good. You may lay up a store by giving abundant alms to the yellow-robed monks as they come round in the morning with their alms' bowl held before them in their clasped hands, and you may add to it by flinging stones at the unregenerate who walk about with their boots on in places where they ought not to. You may build a rest-house, or a monastery, or a pagoda, or have a bell or an image cast, and enter a goodly sum on the credit side toward another existence, and you do not lose any of this if by chance your plan should have been too ambitious, and you find that you are unable to pay for the material you employed on the task. The purveyors should be content with the share they have had in a good work. To take any life at all, even that of a scorpion that has bitten you, or any smaller and less dangerous creature that may have done the same thing, would be a grievous sin. The Manichæans say that the souls of farmers become herbs, so that they may be cut down and threshed out. The baker becomes bread, and is eaten. The killer of a fowl becomes a fowl, and of a rat, a rat. The Buddhists go nearly as far. Fishermen are represented as dangling by the tongue on a fish-hook, while demons draw him up and drop him down again into a lake of boiling pitch; but though you may not catch fish or kill animals for yourself, there is no demerit in buying the flesh of them, if a fore-doomed hunter or fisherman, or any of those who have not become Buddhists, should offer it to you. There is no sin in setting snares to catch and kill tigers or cheetahs that may come after your oxen or fowls; you even gain small merit by doing so. You must not tell lies, on pain of torture in one of the eight hells; but if you are brought up, whether you like it or not, to bear witness against a man being tried on a capital charge, you are held guiltless if you diverge from the truth in order to save the life of a fellow-creature, especially if that man be a co-religionist. It may be concluded that the more pious a Buddhist is, the more capable he is of demonstrating that any religious matter is entirely right or entirely wrong, and that whichever way he acts he is sure of deriving merit from it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

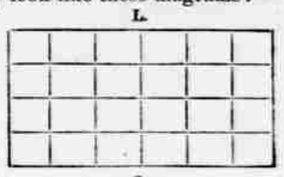
BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

Primitive Methods by Which They Are Gathered from the Beds of Streams.

Mr. H. N. Collier, who has visited the diamond fields of Brazil and made a study of the dazzling gems, gave a reporter some interesting facts. Mr. Collier first visited the diamond fields of Brazil in 1871. He landed at Rio Janeiro and obtained a permit from the Emperor Dom Pedro to go into the interior. The fields were six hundred miles from Rio, and could be reached partly by wagon routes. At that time the fields were worked by slaves in the most primitive way. The total cost of all the machinery used in surface work at the fields was not more than one hundred dollars.

"When a sufficient quantity of dirt has been gathered from the beds of shallow streams the washing begins. The washers that catch the diamonds and let the dirt and water pass through are nothing but large and small sieves. They look like these diagrams:

L.



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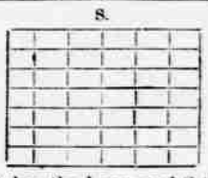

"L catches the large and S the small gems. I saw a diamond embedded in the sand when I first arrived and pushed it out with my cane. In the rough it weighed 3 9-32 carats, and polished a carat and a half. Of course I had to pay well for it to the owner of the field. There is no doubt in my mind that that country is still rich in undiscovered diamond fields. Why, in the Province of Goaz there are fields that I was told had not been worked for sixty years. The natives outside of the cities absolutely know nothing about the rich diamonds that can be found in certain localities. The circle of their lives is very small, and they have no enterprise or push. How is the diamond trade conducted? Why, it is done just like any other business, pretty much; the bankers and merchants paying so much for diamonds in the rough or polished. At the mines diamonds are always quoted in the rough. They do not say so many carats, but so many octavios, which is about 17½ carats, less a thirty-second of a carat. The export duty on them is one per cent., and the officials are vigilant and always collect it. But that export duty is small compared to our import tax of ten per cent. Every thing in Rio Janeiro is done by a system of red-tapeism circumlocution. A foreigner immediately upon his arrival, has to report himself to the chief of police and get a passport to go about. In leaving, another passport has to be obtained. I met the Emperor several times at his palace and participated in a jubilee demonstration at the time he departed for Europe. Of course, like all autocratic governments, there is a great deal of buncombe and flashy military shows. In buying a ticket to leave the country, it is necessary to give the Government thirty days' notice of your intention to purchase passage and sail."

"What is the difference between a Brazilian and an African diamond?"

"The specific gravity of a Brazilian diamond is greater than that of an African diamond, and hence the former will weigh more. The Brazilian is also much more brittle and difficult to cut. They have more brilliancy and more specks in them than African gems, and as brilliancy is one of the requisites to create value, the Brazilians are generally the best. The shades of most of the Brazilian stones are blue and steel color. The Africans are generally white and yellow. More than one-half of the diamonds sold come from Africa. In 1869 diamonds reached the highwater mark in prices, and have declined in value from fifty to one hundred per cent. This fact is due, of course, to the extensive fields discovered in the Transvaal country. Europe of course, receives by far the greater number of diamonds."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Pressure of the Sea.

It is often asked, when an ocean-going vessel has been lost at sea, and it is supposed she has foundered, why none of her timbers rise to the surface again and float, as submerged wood will nearer shore. The explanation is that if the vessel has been sunk in deep water the pressure to which it is subjected will be so great that a certain quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and thus render it so heavy that even when detached from the ship a piece of the timber could not float. It is because of this constantly and rapidly increasing pressure, too, that a diver can not descend to any very great distance below the surface. Fishes have, however, been caught at a depth at which they must have borne a pressure of no less than eighty tons to each square foot of their bodies.—*Christian at Work.*

—Pennsylvania, in the *Shoe and Leather Annual*, holds the lead in the number of tanners and leather dealers within her borders. There are seven hundred and twenty-five, a slight addition since last year. In the cities the roll of the trade shows some increase, especially among makers of light leather. Ten pages are filled with the names of the principal retail shoe dealers of this State.